

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—
JOHN P. SANBORN,
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and twenty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-two columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well-selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

Programme for the Coming Meeting.

As the time approaches for the summer meeting of the American Institute of Instruction the prospect is that this will be one of the largest gatherings of teachers and those interested in education ever held in New England. Applications for rooms are coming in rapidly and some of the hotels have already taken their full quota. Applications for rooms have been received from all quarters of the country from the British Provinces to the Mississippi Valley. Every family who can accommodate should send their names to Superintendent Littlefield at once. The programme of speakers and subjects is an excellent one and far surpasses most of the previous programmes. The list of speakers and their subjects as far as completed comprise the following: President Robinson of Brown University, subject: "Mental Discipline and the means of obtaining it;" T. W. Bicknell, LL. D., of Boston, "Tenure of Office for Teachers;" Prof. W. H. Payne of Michigan University, "The New Education;" President Noah Porter of Yale College, "Should Greek be made entirely optional in a System of Collegiate Education;" President Freeman of Wellesley College, and Miss Francis E. Willard, "On the Influence of Women's Education upon National Development;" Col. Homer B. Sprague of Boston, "An Educational Paper Needed;" Prof. F. W. Tilton, Newport, "The Teacher's Duty to Himself;" E. P. Seaver, LL. D., Superintendent of Schools, Boston, "Evening Schools."

Marine Work.

The old wharf on Wellington avenue, near Line Rock light, belonging to Mr. F. O. French of New York, has been removed and Capt. John Waters is now engaged in building another one in its place. The new wharf is to be 250 feet long and a 20-foot T will take the place of the old bath-house. Captain Waters is also blasting out and removing a ledge from the Pawtucket river for the Conant Thread Company. This contract will require his attention about another week, when he will begin the work of removing from Newport Harbor certain rocks recently uncovered by the steam dredger.

Cliff Cottage Association Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Cliff Cottage Association on Wednesday, N. W. Littlefield, L. D. Davis, Thos. Gladding, A. C. Titus, E. V. Westcott and David Stevens were unanimously elected directors for the ensuing year. At a subsequent meeting of the directors N. W. Littlefield was chosen president, David Stevens treasurer and L. D. Davis secretary.

The extensive summer residence on Bellevue avenue and Spring street, belonging to Mr. Theo. A. Haverneyer of New York, is to remain closed again this season. Mrs. Haverneyer was here for a few days a short time ago which gave rise to the rumor that the family would summer here. Mr. Haverneyer, however, is still in Europe and his spacious stables, both here and in New York are without horses.

Dr. S. P. Cottrell, formerly of this city, has been chosen to the professorship of the Diseases of Children in the St. Paul Medical College, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, "Shepherd Tom," who has spent the past six months in California, returned to his home at Yaucluse, this week.

Hon. J. C. Knight of Providence has rented his cottage on Bellevue avenue, to Robert F. Tyson of New York, for the season.

Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock nine of the elephants from Barnum's circus were escorted to the First Beach and given a bath.

The Perry Statue.

Though it is generally understood that the Oliver Hazard Perry statue, recently received from Florence, Italy, is to be placed on the Mall, the exact spot where it is to stand has not yet been fixed upon. The matter is left entirely with the sub-committee, who, it is understood, have decided to call a meeting and settle the question at once. The work upon the base is being done in Connecticut where the stone was got out, and is to be completed in time for the committee to have everything in readiness for the unveiling on the tenth of September. Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue erected in Cleveland, O., in honor of the memory of Commodore Perry, the City Councils of that city and of Erie, N. Y., together with the Governor of Ohio, were of course invited, and it has been suggested that it would be very appropriate to extend invitations to the gentlemen now holding those positions to participate in the ceremonies here. The suggestion has also been made that it would be eminently proper to invite Hon. Benjamin Harrison, who is a grandson of the Gen. Harrison, upon whose staff Perry once served. It will undoubtedly be a great day for Newport. Many of her people who have gone elsewhere to make homes for themselves have expressed themselves determined to come back to witness the unveiling of the statue which shall serve as a distinctive mark of honor to the memory of the gallant naval hero who was born upon the same island as themselves. It is not improbable that the training ships will be back from their summer cruise before the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, and if so, it will be very appropriate for them to take some part in the ceremonies.

Masonic.

At a Council of Deliberation, of the Scottish Rite of Masons, Tuesday evening, some very important business was transacted. The Princes of Jerusalem of Newport voted into their body the Princes of Jerusalem of Providence; the members of the Newport Chapter of Rose Croix voted into their body the members of the Providence Chapter, and the members of the Newport Consistory voted into their body the members of the Providence Consistory. The election of officers of Rhode Island Sovereignty Consistory, S. P. R. S., 32d degree, resulted as follows: Joseph O. Earle, of Providence, Commander-in-Chief; William G. Stevens, of Newport, First Lieutenant; Edward S. Jones, of Providence; Second Lieutenant; James Plummer of Newport, Minister of State; George M. Carpenter, of Providence, Grand Chancellor; William E. Hushand, of Providence, Grand Secretary; Edward B. Knight, of Providence, Grand Treasurer; Robert S. Franklin, of Newport, Grand Engineer; Edward B. Knight, of Providence, Grand Hospitalier; Vernon O. Taylor, of Providence, Grand Master of Ceremonies; J. Gottlieb Spangler, of Newport, Grand Standard Bearer; Hunter C. White, of Providence, Grand Captain of the Guards; Charles E. Harris, of Providence, Grand Sentinel. Newton D. Arnold, of Providence; Deputy of Supreme Council, presided, and the meeting was held in Masonic Hall. Several other Newport and Providence members were present.

Those Who Command the Garrison.

The Newport correspondent of the Providence Journal gives the following as a complete list of the officers at present stationed at Fort Adams: Colonel C. L. Best, commanding Fourth United States Artillery, and the Post; First Lieut. A. B. Dyer, Adjutant; First Lieut. F. Fager, R. Q. M.; Surgeon Dallas Bache, U. S. A.; Assistant Surgeon I. M. Bamister, U. S. A.; Captain John Egan, Captain G. B. Rodney, Captain Edward Field, Captain Arthur Morris, Captain I. W. Roder, First Lieut. William Eunis, First Lieut. R. P. Strong, First Lieut. S. W. Taylor, First Lieut. Joseph Garrard, First Lieut. L. H. Walker, First Lieut. Clarence Deems, First Lieut. I. M. Jones, Second Lieut. H. A. Schroeder and Second Lieut. S. M. Foote.

Alfred Sibley, a young man who has been employed as waiter in the family of one of our summer residents, was taken from the Perry House Monday night while suffering from delirium tremens and locked up. On Thursday he broke a cup in which he had been given nourishment in his cell, and tried to cut his throat with a fragment. He had only succeeded in scratching the skin, however, when discovered and the pieces were removed.

Among the Newport scholars who have graduated this week, are Horatio Gates Wood, step son of Col. Harris, at Brown University, Hon or T. Hollingshead, son of Rev. Mr. Hollingshead, at Wesleyan University, and Miss Ruth M. Franklin, daughter of Mayor Franklin, at Smith College.

The United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross was in the harbor Wednesday and took on board a supply of torpedoes for experiments on the New Foundland banks.

Knight Templar Festivities.

Wednesday, June 24th, being Saint John's day, the members of Washington Commandery, Sir William H. Cotton, Commander, will celebrate the occasion by receiving and entertaining the officers of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the members of Saint John's and Calvary Commanderies of Providence, Worcester County Commandery of Worcester, and Holy Sepulchre Commandery of Pawtucket. In all it is expected that there will be some five hundred visiting Templars. They will arrive in Newport at about 3 p. m., be received by Washington Commandery and escorted to Bryer's Hall, where a light collation will be served. At 4:15 the line will be formed on Washington Square, where the grand officers will be received in a proper manner, after which they will be escorted to their carriages and the line of march will be taken up over the following route: Up Touro to Spring street, down Spring to Howard, down Howard to Thames, up Thames, the Parade and Broadway to Rhode Island avenue, countermarch to Ayrault street, up Ayrault to Kay, through Kay and Bellevue avenue to the Ocean House, where the dinner will be served. The grand officers who will be present are Geo. H. Burdham of Providence, Deputy Grand Commander, George W. Allen of Lynn, Grand Captain General, Lyman Klapp, Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island, E. L. Freeman Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Rhode Island, Nicholas Van Slyke, Grand Warden of the Grand Encampment of the United States, Rev. Henry W. Rugg and Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich Past Grand Commanders, Thomas A. Doyle, Past Grand Generalissimo, and Clinton D. Sellow Grand Standard Bearer.

The visiting Commanderies will come by special boat from Providence and will return at 10 p. m.

Barnum's Circus.

Barnum, Bally and Hutchinson visited Newport on Thursday with their circus and menagerie which attracted the usual number of visitors from all parts of this section of the State and Fall River. The street parade was one of the grandest ever witnessed in Newport, the fine appearance of the horses and other animals attracting special attention. The parade was made earlier than has been the custom and many who came in from the suburbs for the express purpose of witnessing the display were disappointed. The procession was headed by Mr. Hutchinson, one of the proprietors, driven by Mr. S. S. Vars of this city.

The exhibition of animals, etc., under canvas, proved all that the street parade had indicated, and the circus, with one or two exceptions, was the best ever seen here. The treatment of everybody within the tents was first class. Peanut and lemonade vendors and retailers of cloths' song-books are among the old-time nuisances that were down away with on Thursday, and no clown was allowed to interrupt the performance by the singing of songs. There were many new and interesting features which had not been seen before and they were appreciated. The only real inferior performance was the riding, while the elephant drill, with the "bally trickster," the wire walking, the tumbling, the juggling, the flying trapeze and the racing, were unusually good.

To go Visiting on the Fourth.

Hercules Fire Association No. 7, of this city, has accepted the invitation of the Hydrant Hose Co., No. 1, to visit Bristol on the 4th of July. The association will turn out fifty-five men and, accompanied by the Newport Band of twenty pieces, will leave here on the morning train. Gen. Burdick, Capt. Wm. S. Cranston and members of the city government will be guests of the association on the trip. Hose Company No. 8, of the present Newport fire department will also spend the Fourth in Bristol as guests of the Hydrant Hose Co. This company numbers thirteen men and will be accompanied by the colored drum corps.

The French war-ship Florid arrived in the harbor Sunday morning from Bermuda. She remained until Wednesday afternoon when she went to New York. To participate in the reception of the score with the Bartholdi statue of Liberty. Among the officers on board were Rear Admiral LaCombe, Capt. Henri d'Abel de Libran.

The Cranston street, Providence, Baptist Sunday schools annual excursion will take place July 5th, when the Canonicus will convey them to Oakland Beach for dinner, and then take them to Newport and all the important places on the Bay.

A party of twenty-seven ladies and gentlemen musicians visited Newport Wednesday and were taken around the ocean drive in a four-horse dray driven by Mr. S. S. Vars.

Edwin Booth, the tragedian, is expected at "Boothlin," his summer cottage on Indian avenue, to-day, for the season.

Recent Season Arrivals.

Mrs. Jehial J. Post and family of New York; Bellevue avenue.
Mrs. J. J. Cooke, Providence; near One Mile Corner.
Mrs. Thos. E. Chickering and family, Boston; Willow Bank cottage, Spring Street.
Prof. Alexander Agassiz and family, Cambridge; Castle Hill.
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Swan, New York; Tooker cottage, Bellevue avenue.
Mrs. S. S. Whiting and family, New York; Swallow, Bellevue avenue.
Mr. John H. Mahony and family, New York; Bellevue avenue.
Mrs. J. P. Coats and family, Providence; Carey villa, Narragansett avenue.
Mrs. John Jacob Astor and family, New York; Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs.
Mrs. J. W. Haven and family, New York; Bellevue avenue.
Mr. S. B. French and family, New York; Oak Lawn cottage.
Mrs. Gardner Brewer, Boston; Bellevue avenue.
Mrs. C. S. Witherbee, New York; Woolsey cottage, Rhode Island avenue.
Judge Samuel Blatford and family, New York; Greenough Place.
Mr. William Astor and family, New York; Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs.
Chas. W. Wharton and family, Philadelphia; Jamestown.
Mrs. R. G. Remsen and family, New York; Woods cottage, Bellevue avenue.
Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Philadelphia; Cliff cottage No. 4.
Mrs. Frederic Neilson, New York; Stevens cottage Bellevue avenue.
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and family, New York; Ochre Point.
Mrs. C. E. Perkins and family, Boston; Bellevue avenue.
John Foster and family, Boston; Le-Roy avenue.
Mrs. Alex. Van Rensselaer, New York; Beach View avenue.

Building Notes.

Mrs. Mary A. Coit is having built on Indian avenue, Middletown, a cottage in the Jacobean style, 45x80 feet, two-and-a-half stories, three bay windows, several balconies, loggias, piazzas, etc., and the lower story to be finished inside with hard wood; the cottage to be supplied with every modern convenience, to cost \$15,000. J. D. Johnston, builder.

Joseph M. Hammett is altering and making an addition to his late purchase on Mill street and making stores. Work in charge of McLean & Mason.
Rev. Dr. Leach, of Providence, is having built on Wanton avenue, a two-story Queen Anne cottage 28x35 feet, with piazzas, balconies, dormer windows and all the modern conveniences, to cost \$2,500. J. D. Johnston, builder.

Rev. Dr. Leach is also having a picturesque little boat-house fitted up at the west end of Wanton avenue, on the water front, by J. D. Johnston.
William E. Dennis is improving the lower front of the "Wanton Building" by substituting large plate glass windows with iron columns. It is rumored that it is to be occupied by Park & Telford, the celebrated grocers of New York.

Peter Knowe is building for his own use two and a half story cottage 30x28 feet on Hall avenue with 2 bay windows porch and all the modern conveniences.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Mrs. Helen Cottrell has rented through Daniel Watson her cottage in Jamestown to John G. Purdon of Roxbury, Mass., for the season.
Geo. C. Mason has rented for the season his cottage on Francis street and Redwood avenue to the Misses Hamilton of New York.

George B. Hazard has sold the estate on Thames street adjoining lands of John Shanahan, to F. N. Barlow for \$2500.

Alex. P. Sisson has quit claimed his interest in the estate on Farewell and Coddington streets to Caroline A. Wood for \$1, etc.

Charles Bickerton and wife have sold a strip of land on Mill street to Henry J. Jones for \$1, etc.
J. A. C. Stacy and others have sold 2400 square feet of land on the tower end of Thames street to John Ring for \$1, etc.

The Charles H. Russell villa on Narragansett avenue has been rented to M. O. Wilson of New York for the season.

Mrs. Charles Wheeler of Philadelphia has rented her cottage on Channing avenue, corner Bath Road, to S. M. Roosevelt of New York for the season.

Mrs. A. F. G. Hart and others have sold two undivided one-seventh parts of two undivided one-half parts of two lots of land on third and Marsh streets to Ernest Goffe for \$4, etc. Mr. Goffe has also purchased the interests of Frederick R. West of Boston, Joseph W. Gould of Iowa and Stephen Goddard, Daniel H. Goddard and Gertrude A. West of this city in the same estate.

A. P. Baker has sold 4000 square feet of land on Houston avenue to John W. Payne for \$750.

The Dexter Bradford estate, so-called, on Rhode Island avenue, Catharine and Ayrault streets has been sold to J. Henry Bradford of New York for \$33,000.

Newport Before and After the Revolution.

To the Editor of the Newport Mercury.
We presume your readers must have noticed that the concluding paragraph of our article published in the Newport Mercury of June 13, was written by a gentleman in London, and probably was very extensively circulated in that city before having reached the columns of the Newport Mercury. It was no doubt considered by the mass of the English people as a very audacious prophecy to make in regard to the affairs of a nation whose government he intimates is in a very precarious condition as to its stability, of which it is not to be supposed that the King or his ministers saw any immediate danger, and in their arrogance could not brook the idea that there was enough of vitality in their North American colonies to successfully resist a nation so powerful as they then supposed England to be. It is true they had not a very large army of either English, Irish or Scotch soldiers that they could spare for such distant service, but there were hordes of Hessians and other similar vile "fodder for powder" which could be, and were hired for a small pittance per day to fight their battles for the subjugation of America. The army of seventy thousand men, as previously stated, which were landed in America, were, with few exceptions, villainous, a crowd as was ever dignified with the name of soldiers, and the enlistment of such men, and for such a purpose, and the shocking atrocities committed by them and the Indians, will forever remain a foul blot on the escutcheon of a nation whose history has too often been one of conquest and pillage wherever their feeble hands were weaker than themselves, and even in some such cases they have been vanquished, not so much by the superior valor on the part of their foe as by the will of that overruling providence, which sometimes says, "thus far shall thou go." But for other causes, admitted and condemned by the most respectable press of all England, was their recent inglorious withdrawal from a probable contest with a foe quite their equal, who did say what they wanted and took it. The humiliated throughout the civil war, and world replete with the issue of this apparent humiliation, so sincerely regretted by the heart of old England, and in those regrets is shown the fear that there are times when the name of the British Lion may cease to shake, and his roar become as mild as the bleat of a lamb when in the presence of the Russian Bear. It is very true that those who manage the press and write so eloquently of what was the immediate cause of it, and which they felt would speedily end it. It was a cry that went unheeded until the head of the nation found it imperative, and when the emancipation proclamation was published to the world the war was virtually ended, making all men free, and we were about to say, equal, but the devil still exists quite a difference in regard to the equal, and probably always will.

To return to the writer of the prophetic referred to, he evidently was a man among men and wiser than his fellows, and he may have been a member of Parliament, for among that branch of the British government there were many honorable men who were sincere friends of America, and one whose name we cannot now recall, who when he heard of the resistance of the colonists to the enforcement of unjust laws imposed on them by the home government said he "was glad of it."

How encouraging to the people of the colonies must have been the words of him who wrote respecting the prospective freedom of America, when he says, "It is no allegation that it is possible this can happen in time, but it is impossible that it should not happen after the lapse of some years." We sincerely hope this friend of America lived many years beyond the fulfillment of his prophecy—which may have occurred much sooner than he anticipated—if he did, he would have learned that not only the "Highlanders" but the adventures of all nations have been emigrating to the shores of America, ever since it gained its independence, and even while the war of the revolution was in progress the desertions from the British army were immense. These deserters, who probably never expected or desired to again see the land of their nativity, found homes in the various settlements about the country, whose population was composed of most all nations, so that when we now speak of Americans, it must be with the understanding that they are the offspring of a marriage between the descendants of the first settlers and those of other emigrants from nearly all parts of the world, proving most conclusively that the boastful American, who thinks himself so much the superior of the rest of mankind, and who sincerely wishes he were, is simply a mongrel possessing some of the good qualities inherited from the old puritan stock, and all the questionable traits incident to such a mixture of what may be considered fairly good, with generally something more than a shade or two off.

The emigrants of a hundred years ago were, as now, a part of that discontented element to be found in nearly all European countries, and they could not have any definite idea of what America might become, but the leading impulse of the toiling millions of the world is over one of change, which does not always bring to them more than the

From Our Neighbors.

[Newport News.]
The Newport Mercury puts on a new dress today and never in its long history has it presented a better typographical appearance. The paper enters with this number on the 128th year of its existence, having outlived nearly all of its early contemporaries. We extend our congratulations to its proprietors, and trust that by age and its step rendered feeble, may it enjoy many returns of the anniversary.

[Providence Journal.]

The Newport Mercury celebrated its one hundred and twenty-eighth birthday on Friday by appearing in a new and handsome dress. The venerable years of the oldest newspaper in America have not affected its vigor and spirit, and it has grown and grown with the needs of the community which it serves, and of whose patronage and support it is well worthy.

[From the Narragansett Weekly.]

The Newport Mercury, with its issue of June 13th, begins its one hundred and twenty-seventh volume. An entire new dress of type, handsome and clean in appearance, is used to celebrate the anniversary. We congratulate the Mercury on its evident prosperity.

[Rhode Island Democrat.]

That old established and excellent newspaper, the Newport Mercury, began its 128th volume yesterday, and celebrated the event by coming out in a new dress. The politics of the Mercury are as detestably radical and it has a very loose understanding of Rhode Island Democratic politicians as well as of our position in relation thereto. Its excellence as a newspaper, however, causes us to cultivate a forgiving spirit, and we congratulate the Mercury on the continued evidences of its prosperity.

[Providence Telegram.]

The Newport Mercury reached the 128th anniversary of its foundation during the present week, and signaled the momentous event by appearing in an entirely new dress of type of very attractive style. The Mercury is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with few exceptions the oldest printed in the English language. It is vigorous in its advanced years, and contains bright and readable matter. Mr. Sanborn, the proprietor and publisher, is to be congratulated on the record of the Mercury.

[Woonsocket Patriot.]

The Newport Mercury celebrated its hundred and twenty-eighth birthday last Saturday, and on that occasion donned a new dress of type. The Mercury is not only the oldest but one of the best papers in the country. We do not owe our hats to this grandfather of journals in its new suit with the reverent salutation due to age and merits.

[Corr. Providence Telegram.]

The Mercury on Saturday began the 128th year of its existence, and celebrated its anniversary by appearing in a new dress and improved make-up. The appearance of the first or local page is now printed in larger type, making it much more readable. Spite of its years the Mercury is much more lively than a majority of its weekly contemporaries, and promises to have a long lease of life.

[Corr. Boston Herald.]

Editor John P. Sanborn is in receipt of numerous compliments upon the fine appearance of his newspaper, the Mercury. It began its 128th volume to-day.

In the Mercury Window.

An ancient hotel bill on Townsend's Hotel, then the chief hotel in the city, which reads as follows:
Mr. H. B. Humphrey
To Board and Lodging Two days Sup. Lodg. & Break. \$2.50
Cyder 12¢, mending suspenders 8¢..... 33¢
Rec'd. payment for..... \$3.04

Newport Aug. 16, 1831.
This bill was handed up by Ex-Mayor Swinburne as showing the hotel prices fifty years ago.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

The carcass of a sixty-foot sulphur bottom whale, in an advanced state of decomposition, washed ashore on Ochre Point on Sunday last where it proved a most unwelcome guest. It had to be cut up and carted off for burial which occupied Inspector of Nuisances Langley until Thursday night, during which time the stench was almost unbearable.

CITY BRIEFS.

Settling of Newport and Newporters.

Governor Harrison of Connecticut has been in town this week.

The charter of the Newport National Bank has been extended to June 30th, 1905.

Buffalo Bill and his "Wild West" show will appear at Aquidneck Park, on the Fair grounds, next month.

Sheriff Benj. Easton, Jr.'s wife and daughter are spending a few weeks in New Jersey.

Quite a number of yachts of the New York, Eastern and other clubs have been in the harbor this week.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Van Zandt have closed their residence on Pelham street and gone to Richfield Springs for the summer.

Amateur fishermen have begun their season's pastime, but as yet have only the fishermen's luck to report; the big stories come later.

Mr. Thomas D. Stoddard is the owner of an ancient bit-stock, given him years ago by the late Matthias Cozens. It bears the date 1711 in large figures.

The Cliff avenue Hotel was opened for the season on Monday. It will be under the efficient management of Mr. E. V. Westcott.

Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, G. A. R., has voted to attend the Grand Army ceremonies at Portland next week, and will go with the Fall River Post.

Police Officer King was served with a warrant for simple assault on Wednesday and held in the sum of \$100 for his appearance before the Justice court on Tuesday next.

The large fleet of pleasure boats, whose moorings are at Kinsey's wharf, are now in readiness for the season's work, and their white sails and newly painted hulls are unusually attractive.

Light Battery K, Fourth United States Artillery, has returned from its encampment with the State Militia of Massachusetts at Framingham in that Commonwealth.

His Honor the Mayor and Mrs. Franklin were in Northampton, Mass., Wednesday to witness the graduation of their daughter, Miss Ruth M., from the Smith College.

Francis Stanhope, Auctioneer, sold on Wednesday the sloop yacht "Hildebrand," formerly owned by Hugh Norman Esq., and more recently by Capt. Joseph Ilish, U. S. N. to George H. Carr, of Jamestown, for \$130.

The Central Baptist meeting house is being greatly improved in appearance at the hands of J. C. Stoddard & Co. It is to receive two, and where necessary, three coats of paint from foundation to spire, outside.

"A Summer at Block Island" is the title of a handsome little pamphlet issued by the Manisses Hotel, C. E. Brown, proprietor. It gives a large amount of information in regard to this charming summer resort.

Third Lieutenant J. L. Sill, U. S. R. Marine, has been detached from the revenue cutter Samuel Dexter and ordered to duty at the Erie, Pa., district. Third Lieutenant H. Emery, U. S. R. M., has arrived and reported for duty in his place.

Capt. Edward Field of the U. S. Fourth Artillery at Fort Adams has an article on England vs. Russia in the United Service Magazine for June. This is a very interesting article and gives much information in regard to the state of affairs between these two countries.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Newport Associates, N. M. R. A.

At the regular meeting of the Northern Mutual Relief Association held Tuesday evening the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term:

President—Overson G. Langley.
Vice President—John J. Peckham.
Secretary—Sarah A. Gavill.
Collector—David Stevens.
Treasurer—D. L. Cummins.
Marshal—William S. Bailey.
Chaplain—William O. Gladding, 2d.
Organist—Hattie J. Bachner.
Inner Warden—Chas. L. F. Atkinson.
Outer Warden—Edward V. Gilman.
Medical Examiner—C. Frank Barker, M. D.
Trustees—James B. Brown, John P. Sanborn, Edward J. Marsh.

The officers will be installed Tuesday evening, July 14th, by John P. Sanborn, Deputy Marshal. A committee was appointed consisting of David Stevens, John J. Peckham, William S. Bacheller, Thomas S. Nason and Hattie J. Bacheller, to make arrangements for a collation on that occasion.

Court Warden, A. O. F.

Chief Ranger—Fred A. Daniels.
Sub-Chief Ranger—Francis Fox.
Financial Secretary—Arthur William Potter.
Recording Secretary—James Graham.
S. W.—Alexander McDougall.
J. W.—Joseph Smith.
S. B.—William A. Young.
S. R.—Joseph Terry.
P. O.—William Sharples.
D. D. C.—J. Duncan McLean.

Berkley Lodge K. & L. of H.

Protector—Augustus M. Bailey.
Vice Protector—Mrs. John H. Mason.
Chaplain—Mrs. John H. Peckham.
Financial Secretary—Francis Stanhope.
Secretary—Francis Stanhope.
Treasurer—James H. Goddard.
Clerk—Mrs. Helmes Jovet.
Grandin—Harry L. Furbridge.
Sentinel—John T. Delano.

Poetry.

Before the Battle.

BY WILLIAM HUDSON HARPER.

On the hill we stood silent, away o'er the
 farm-lands,
 In the blue of the distance came marching
 the foe,
 Yellow-ripe are the fields, and blood-red is the
 reaper—
 Hush! the tread of the Southern swells faint
 from below.
 Are we ready? Stand fast! Have ye death in
 your muskets?
 Is there shell in your guns? Have ye heart
 for the fight?
 If ye win on this day victors' peace is your
 guerdon;
 If the enemy triumph God pity the right.
 Are we ready? Stand fast! Trust your souls
 to your Maker,
 Loose the steel of your belts, feel your song-
 sters of lead—
 Hush! the chant of destruction anon shall be
 pealing,
 And the iron-mouthed choristers mourning
 their dead.
 Are we ready? Stand fast! Keep the thought
 ever with you
 That the grip of the foe holds the hammer of
 Thor.
 That 'tis wrong for this battle pitched here in
 the gateway,
 Here the keystone the union, keystone of
 war.
 Was I ready? Faint heart. But the scene was
 inspiring!
 There, the grand panorama the painter had
 wrought,
 And my goddess of war there so proud in her
 beauty—
 Shamel caught-knight anitor, for defeat have
 you fought?
 Then I charged once again at the heart of my
 lady,
 As we stood on the hill for the battle that
 day—
 O! marvel of war, before the battle I won her,
 And her humble word "Yes" was the true
 to the fray.

Travel.

I should like to ride and go
 Where the golden apples grow—
 Where below any sky
 Parrot islands anchored lie,
 And, watched by cockatoos and geese,
 Lonely Crusoes building boats—
 Where in sunshine reaching out
 Eastern cities, miles about,
 Are with music and minaret
 Among sandy gardens set,
 And the rich goods from near and far
 Hang for sale in the bazaar—
 Where the Great Wall round China goes,
 And on one side the desert blows,
 And with hell and voice and drum,
 Cities on the other hum—
 Where are forests, hot as fire,
 Wide as England, tall as a spire,
 Full of apes and cocoanuts
 And the negro hunters' huts—
 Where the knotty crocodile
 Lies and basks in the Nile,
 And the red flamingo flies
 Hunting fish before his eyes;
 Where in jungles, near and far,
 Man-eating tigers are,
 Lying close and giving ear
 Least the hunt be drawing near,
 Or a corner by sea seen
 Swinging in a juncalun—
 Where among the desert sands
 Some deserted city stands,
 All its children, sweep and prince,
 Grown to manhood ages since,
 Not a foot in street or house,
 Not a stir of child or mouse,
 And when kindly falls the night,
 In all the town no spark of light,
 There I'll come when I'm a man
 With a camel caravan;
 Light a fire in the gloom
 Of some dusty dining room;
 See the pictures on the walls,
 Honey, figs, and festivals,
 And in a corner find the toys
 Of the old Egyptian boys.

Selected Tale.

EDITOR FELLGATE'S WATCH.

I was staying in Sydney for a few weeks. There I made the acquaintance of a young colonial journalist, by name, Alison Fellgate. One evening after dinner, we sat smoking under the broad verandah that ran around three sides of the club building. Presently Fellgate took out his watch and held it in his hand for a few moments.

"I have an engagement this evening, but there is plenty of time yet," he said.

"I have several times noticed what a particularly handsome watch that is of yours, Fellgate," I said.

"And that watch has a story," he replied.

"I have observed some sort of inscription on it. A presentation, I suppose?"

"Right. It was a presentation, but of a somewhat unusual sort."

"I grow curious. Let us have the story."

"Very good. It is a story I have had to tell more than once. You must know, then, that I began my journalistic life in the colonies as editor of that able and distinguished organ of public opinion, the *Burrigundi Beacon*. I had been conducting it for some six months, to the satisfaction of the proprietors, when that outbreak of bushranging, which was headed by the notorious Frank Gardiner, began to keep the country in a state of continual excitement and terrorism. At last £2000 was set on his head, alive or dead. One morning I received a short letter, something like the following, addressed to the editor of the *Beacon*:

"Sir—I observe a statement in the Sydney *Morning Herald* of to-day to the effect that myself and my mates last Monday night attempted an attack upon Lawson's Station, Woomera. Will you allow me the use of your widely read columns to say that this announcement is entirely erroneous, and the simple fact that on that night, I and my party were busily engaged elsewhere.

I am, yours, etc.,
 FRANK GARDINER.

I was so tickled with this letter—that there was something so funny in his cool audacity and the whole circumstances—that I at once inserted it in the *Beacon*.

About a fortnight later I received a second letter, which ran very much like this:

"mit, I suppose, like others. At the same time, when there is a remedy at hand, a man is merely doing himself justice in availing himself of that remedy. I appeal, therefore, simply to your sense of right and fair play, in requesting you to publish my flat and emphatic denial to a paragraph which appeared in the Sydney papers of last Friday—namely, that in the recent encounter with the troopers, one of my mates was wounded in the arm. Nothing of the sort took place, thanks to the clumsy shooting opponents. The same paragraph also states that in the last sticking up of the Blinda Flat mail, we treated our prisoners with much harshness. The very reverse of this was the actual case, and this statement can only have emanated from persons willfully and maliciously determined upon poisoning myself and my comrades in the public mind. I remain yours, etc.,
 FRANK GARDINER.

The letter also found place in the *Beacon*. Afterward I received in all some half a dozen communications from the notorious bushranger, varying in details, but all of a similar purport—their object to correct some blunder or misrepresentation on the part of the public press. All these communications found a place in the paper. I saw no harm in this inserting them.

Some of my readers did not hesitate to accuse me of aiding and abetting the bushrangers by the publication of Frank Gardiner's letters, alleging that they were blind to lead the police off the real track. But I reasoned that even if this were the case, the ruse was so simple and transparent a one, that the police were not in the least likely to fall into it.

But I did not think that Gardiner had any such purpose in sending the letters. I believed that their meaning was on the surface, though it sometimes struck me that, over and above this, the bushranger was himself aware in some degree of the humor of the situation, and that his sense of this sometimes shaped the wording of his letters.

I had received, I say, about half a dozen of Mr. Gardiner's communications, covering a space of ten or twelve weeks, when an event occurred. I was sitting in my little room about eleven o'clock at night; I had just finished some correspondence work connected with the paper, and had just lighted a cigar and settled back in my chair with a Homeric sigh of relief, when there was a knock at the door, and the next moment, without waiting for the least courtesy of any sort, a figure entered.

I tipped my chair back until I very nearly lost my balance at the unexpected aspect presented by the unceremonious visitor—a tall, athletic man, with a shaggy, light-colored beard, dressed in ordinary bushman's garb, pistols in his belt and a carbine at his back, his face hidden by a mask. Such outwardly was my visitor—a sufficiently awkward and disquieting figure thus suddenly to present itself at the dead of the night to a harmless country editor armed with no fire weapon more deadly than a cigar. My first thought was how the fellow had got into the house; but this and all other thoughts were quickly dispersed by my new friend addressing me:

"Good evening, Mr. Fellgate."

"Good evening, Mr. —," I beg your pardon; you have the advantage of me."

"I've a little bit of business with you—never mind my name. I would have sent up my card, but I've forgotten my card-case."

"This symptom of a vein of humor—thin as it was—in my guest, reassured me a little."

"I am very much at your service, I am sure," I replied. "Anything I can do to—"

"That's it, boss. I was sure you wouldn't cut up any way rough about the business; and we on our side'll try to make it pleasant all round for you. Well, the business simply is that you are to come along with me, Mr. Fellgate, and the sooner we're off, the better for all parties."

I did not quite expect this, and my visitor's proposals had no great charms. "You mean that I am to accompany you, wherever you are going to, now—at once?"

"That's it. That's my order. So hurry up, Mr. Editor, and just think of others besides yourself. My neck's half-way in the halter at this blessed moment."

The man spoke in the coolest and most determined manner, and I at once saw that any further attempt at resistance would be worse than useless.

"One word more, Mr. Fellgate," my companion continued. "If you follow me quietly and without any row, no harm will come to you. I promise you that, on my word as between gentlemen."

This should, perhaps have been completely reassuring. Nevertheless, it was with considerable feeling of doubt and distrust that I prepared to accompany the bushranger, for such and nothing short the man evidently was.

We left the house noiselessly. The aged lady who acted for me in the capacity of housekeeper had long since retired, and our cautious footsteps did not disturb her. Outside, tethered to a rail-fence, at a little distance from the house, stood two horses.

My companion then blindfolded me, and I mounted one of the two horses. This blindfolding again I did not much fancy; but caution and discretion now seemed to be my safest cue. When the bushranger had himself mounted, he caught my horse's rein and we started.

For about a quarter of an hour we pursued the highway at a quick walk, a jogging, uneasy half amble that was anything but a comfortable pace, the uneasiness seeming to be increased by my being blindfolded. Then we suddenly diverged from the highway, and in a little while had entered the bush, as I could easily judge from the fall of my horse's feet on the soft sand track.

I should have mentioned that the night was a very dark one, without either moon or stars.

We rode on for the best part of a

couple of hours, very few words passing between us. I knew the time to be about that length of time afterward; but in reality, it seemed much longer to me, perhaps, from the fact of my being blindfolded; and partly, without doubt, from the whole conditions of my ride being in no sense what might be called lively or inspiring.

At the end of two hours, then, my leader suddenly tightened my rein and we drew up. He bade me descend, which I did, still with the bandages on my eyes. The next moment my friend had removed the blindfold which he had used for blinding me, when a strange sight met my eyes. I was standing in the middle of a small clearing in the heart of the forest. The darkness was lit up by half a dozen flaming torches and the light from a small fire, round which five or six men were reclining on the short, sparse grass.

The man nearest the fire at once caught my attention. He was about the middle height, and of a very active and well-proportioned figure; black-bearded and particularly bright and alert eyes, and of not an unprepossessing cast of features.

A few minutes' scrutiny of the man confirmed me in my identification of him. He was no other than my correspondent of the past three months—the notorious bushranger who had been harrying the country right and left for nearly two years, leaving blackmail on all whom he encountered, without the slightest respect to persons or dignities—redoubtable outlaw, Frank Gardiner.

Various portraits of the man were abroad throughout the country, all sufficiently like to enable me to recognize the original, now that he was before me.

All the men, from the leader downward, were armed to the lips, so to speak, and as the light of the fire and the wavering torches gleamed from the bright steel of the carbines and pistols to the bronzed faces of the highwaymen, tanned almost black by constant exposure to a semi-tropical sun, I could not but be reminded of the old familiar stories of Italian banditti and the old pictures one had seen of the same.

The leader of the gang was the first to speak. "Good evening, Mr. Fellgate; or rather, good morning. You recognize me, I dare say."

"Yes, I think I do."

"From the several flattering portraits of me that are about, eh? I wonder you do recognize me from them, that's a fact. If ever I catch the blackguard of a photographer who has so abominably burlesqued me in those pictures, I engage to make it lively for him!"

It was generally understood that personal vanity was one of Gardiner's weaknesses, and remembering this, I could not help smiling a little at the speaker's words.

"You may smile, Mr. Editor; but no public man likes to have such a vile caricature of himself scattered broadcast over the country; you know that well enough, and you wouldn't care about it, yourself."

"Perhaps not; but I haven't yet attained enough distinction to be very well able to judge how you feel," I answered.

"Yes I daresay that makes a difference. But to come to business. You're wondering, I suppose, why you've been brought here in this somewhat unceremonious fashion?"

"I am a little puzzled."

"But not afraid, I hope. You don't look that way much."

"No; not now. I was just a little startled at first, I must confess. But I am not aware of any wrong I have ever done you, Frank Gardiner."

"That's it my boy—that's it. On the contrary, it has been all the other way; and that's why I wanted to have a word with you personally. I wanted to make the nearer acquaintance of my editor, you know. How do you think they read? I mean those letters. Not so bad for a young aspirant in literature, eh? I'm positively thinking of getting them reprinted in a small book, if I can get any of those Sydney publishing sharpers to undertake it. 'Epistles of a Bushranger.' Taking title, eh? A fortune in the very name. Would fetch the public no end, don't you think? But I beg your pardon for keeping you standing all the time, Mr. Editor. Just bring yourself to anchor and have a drink, will you? Young Hall, just hand the editor your flask."

A young man, considerably the youngest looking of the party handed me the flask, which I put to my lips, merely touching the liquor.

"You drink mighty shallow, Mr. Fellgate. One finger's about your mark, I judge. Well, please yourself. Now, look here, there's a cool 2000 set on my head; you know all about that. Well, there's a carbine by your side, as pretty a piece as you'll find this side of the range. Now's your chance. Take up the gun, and you can hardly miss if you were to try."

During all this colloquy, none of the rest of the gang had put in a word, but smoked silently on, regarding me with stolid gravity.

"I have always had a considerable admiration for the press as an institution," Gardiner resumed, "but never so much as since making your acquaintance as an editor, Mr. Fellgate. You have acted toward me in the most honorable and gentlemanly manner, and while those wretched and ignorant Sydney rags, the *Herald* and *Enquirer*, have refused to insert my letters contradicting the many lying and libelous statements they have published regarding myself and my mates, you have vindicated the claims of the press to being a free and impartial organ of the public expression. Now, no man who knows Frank Gardiner ever accused him of forgetting a friend or a service. I consider, Mr. Fellgate, that you have done me a real service in this matter and acted like a gentleman all round, and I would like to show you that I am not insensible of it. Though I am a bushranger, I am not a blackguard. If

you will be good enough to accept this trifling, just in recognition of my admiration for you as an editor, and of my personal regard, you will do me a favor, Mr. Fellgate."

As he spoke, Gardiner took from his breast-pocket a small morocco case and handed it to me, I opened the case and found inside a handsome gold watch.

Seldom, I venture to think, in the history of presentations was any one made under more singular circumstances. It seemed to reverse all precedent. Tradition was being read backward; for instead of highwayman taking a watch from me, I was getting one from him. To devise such a situation in fiction were, of course, easy enough; but I am relating a true incident, and as such, I am inclined to think the case unique.

I accepted the watch, uttering some commonplace words of acceptance in doing so.

"And now Mr. Fellgate, I think our interview is at an end. I am glad you like the watch, and I think you will find that it is as good as it looks. In all probability, you and I will never meet again. But if you hear any of those snivelling city counter-jumpers maligning me and my brave fellows here, you at least may kindly think that we're perishing not so black as they paint us. Jim, take care of the editor. Good night."

I was once more blindfolded, and Jim and I returned as we had come. When we reached the confines of the forest, however, we dismounted, and my companion removed my bandage. The first gray glimmer of the dawn was stealing through the bush.

"You'll have to walk the rest of the way home, Mr. Fellgate. You're a pretty cool hand. Didn't think you scribbling chaps were that sort. No offence. Adieu!"

A Bear Story.

From Theodore Roosevelt's account of "Still-hunting the Grizzly," in the *Century*, we quote the following:

"Sure enough, there were two large bears (which afterwards proved to be an old she and a nearly full-grown cub) travelling up the bottom of the valley, much to far for us to shoot. Grasping our rifles and throwing off our hats, we started off as hard as we could run diagonally down the hillside, so as to cut them off. It was some little time before they saw us, when they made off at a lumbering gallop up the valley. It would seem impossible to run into two grizzlies in the open, but they were going up the hill and we down, and more over the old one kept stopping. The cub would forge ahead and would probably have escaped us, but the mother now and then stopped to sit down on her haunches and look around at us, when the cub would run back to her. The upshot was that we got a head of them, when they turned and went straight up one hillside as we ran straight down the other behind them. By this time I was pretty near done out, for running along the steep ground through the sage-brush was most exhausting work; and Merrifield kept gaining on me and was well in front. Just as he disappeared over a bank at the bottom of the valley, I tripped over a bush and fell full length. When I got up I knew I never could make up the ground I had lost, and besides, could hardly run any longer. Merrifield was out of sight below, and the bears were laboring up the steep hillside directly opposite and about three hundred yards off; so I sat down and began to shoot over Merrifield's head, aiming at the big bear. She was going very steadily and in a straight line, and each bullet sent up a puff of dust where it struck the dry soil, so that I could keep correcting my aim; and the fourth ball crashed into the old bear's flank. She lurched heavily forward, but recovered herself and reached the timber, while Merrifield, who had pit on a spur, was not far behind."

"I toiled up the hill at a sort of trot, fairly gasping and sobbing for breath; but before I got to the top I heard a couple of shots and a shout. The old bear had turned as soon as she was in the timber, and came towards Merrifield; but he gave her the death-wound by firing into her chest, and then shot at the young one, knocking it over. When I came up he was just walking towards the latter to finish it with the revolver, but it suddenly jumped up as lively as ever, and made off at a great pace—for it was nearly full-grown. It was impossible to fire where the tree-trunks were so thick, but there was a small opening which it would have to pass, and collecting all my energies I made a last run, got into position, and covered the opening with my rifle. The instant the bear appeared I fired, and it turned a dozen summersaults down hill, rolling over and over; the ball had struck it near the tail and had ranged forward through the hollow of the body. Each of us had thus given the fatal wound to the bear into which the other had fired the first bullet."

Wealth of Wyoming.

In the heart of Wyoming Territory there is a mountain of solid hematite iron, with 600 feet of it above ground, more than a mile wide, and over two miles in length; a bed of lignite; big enough to warm the world for centuries; eight lakes of solid soda, one of them over 400 acres in extent and not less than 30 feet in depth; and a petroleum basin which contains more oil than Pennsylvania and West Virginia combined, from which in places the oil is oozing in natural wells at the rate of two barrels a day. At least, so says the *Butte* (Montana).

"I understand you want a conchman," said a young man applying at the door of a gentleman's residence on Michigan avenue.

"How much experience have you had," asked the gentleman.

"Three."

"Three what?"

"Three elements."

Here and There.

The announcement that a delicate pink shade will be used for the new postal card authorized by the Philadelphia Press to inform the public that the postmaster general thinks seriously of having the mail bags printed in gold with a four inch dado of bird's egg blue and a large design in each corner.

Ex-Senator Ferry of Michigan, it is reported, has adjusted his financial difficulties and will shortly return to the United States.

Mrs. Frothinghysen became much attached to Washington during her residence there, and will probably remove thither permanently.

Susan B. Anthony will spend the summer with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, working on the third volume of their "History of Woman's Suffrage."

A memorial window to the late Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church has been placed in the new Ashbury Church in Philadelphia. It is a portrait of the bishop, and is the gift of George W. Childs.

Major J. P. Sanger, U. S. A., aide de camp to General Schofield, has gone to Fort Laramie to march with the Fifth Cavalry from there to Fort Riley, Kan., making special observations while on the way.

Miss Mand Hove gave a reception at the literary department of woman's work, at the Government Building, New Orleans Exposition, on the occasion of the presentation of the library to the Southern Art Union.

Undismayed by the collapse at New Orleans, Chicago wants to have a world's fair, and has made up her mind that 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, would be a good time for it.

It is said that only twenty per cent. of the young lawyers who start out in their profession in New York City succeed.

The Orphan's Lot

He had been going to see her a long time but never stated the object of his visits, and she was desirous of knowing something of the future. The last night he called he seemed to be quite sad, and after several well developed sighs he said:

"Life is full, very full of bitterness, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she responded cheerily. "I haven't much cause to complain."

"Possibly not now, Mary, but the bitter cup has been placed to your lips."

"Yes, Henry, my parents are dead."

"And is there no bitterness in that, Mary? Is it not very, very sad to be an orphan?"

"Of course it is, Henry, but you see"—and she blushed vividly—"it relieves you of the embarrassment of having to ask father."

Henry's heart was touched.

Obscure Men Happiest in Wedlock

No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his contentment and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king. No less a hero to her, though he is not to any other, no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home. It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a very exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected.

If it were possible

To get the testimony of the multitude who have used Hood's SARSAPARILLA for debility, languor, lassitude, and that general feeling of stupidity, weariness and exhaustion which every one feels during this season, we should be able to present to our readers such an overwhelming mass of commendatory messages, that the few who have not tried it would do so at once. It is a positive fact, and has been so effectively demonstrated that no one to-day denies it, that Hood's SARSAPARILLA contains more real medicinal value than any article before the people.

What a Man Did with Kidney Complaint

DRACUT, MASS.
 MESSRS. G. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.:—
 Dear Sirs—I have suffered from kidney complaint and biliousness for fifteen years. Have tried everything and never got any good. Last January, before I commenced taking Hood's SARSAPARILLA, everything was bad. I had aches and pains in my chest and arms, headache and dizzy. I could not get up without feeling aged and old. Many mornings I was obliged to lie down on the lounge. To do any work seemed almost impossible. Have taken two bottles of Hood's SARSAPARILLA, and feel like a new man. I can do any work I like, in fact, like a new man. Can heartily recommend Hood's SARSAPARILLA, and hope all who desire to know anything about it will come to me and ask what I think of it. Very truly yours,
 JONATHAN J. COBURN.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, regulating, toning and invigorating all the functions of the body. Sold by druggists. Price 25c, or six for \$1. G. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Do Not Delay

delay; if you are sick see Sulphur Bitters. The Vice President of the Board of Waverly, Iowa, SMITH P. HUNT, says: "I have suffered with Catarrh for the last ten years, and also severe Biliousness and Liver Complaint. Since 1875 my Catarrh grew rapidly worse, so that my life was despaired of. At that time I weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, but grew emaciated so rapidly that I weighed only one hundred and thirty. After consulting the most celebrated physicians in the Western States, and spending many hundred dollars, from which no relief was obtained, I was induced to try your

Sulphur Bitters will cure you. Miss HELEN JONES, eleven years in charge of the Package Department, Boston & Maine Depot, says: "I have been a sufferer from Biliousness, Water Brash, and General Debility for seven years. Most of the time I felt miserably and was unable to do my work. I was induced to try your Sulphur Bitters, and was completely surprised to see how much better I felt, and I am now enjoying better health than for years before. I shall always keep a supply of Sulphur Bitters on hand, for they have done me a world of good. Sulphur

Sulphur Bitters

Bitters; after taking six bottles my Headache, Vomiting, and all the effects of my Catarrh, Biliousness and Liver Complaint left me, I now weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and consider that Sulphur Bitters have saved my life. Mrs. HIRAM JORDAN, Lewiston, Me., says: "For years I was a terrible sufferer with Scrofula, caused by salivation from the use of mercury and calomel; terrible sores broke out on my body, which twisted my limbs so that I could hardly move. The doctors all gave me up to die. Four bottles of Sulphur Bitters entirely cured me, and I am now able to do all my household work."

should be kept in every family. A Boston & Albany R. R. engineer, F. B. CHAMBERLAIN, of Springfield, Mass., says: "For years I have suffered from Chronic Bilious attacks, with a narrow escape each time from Typhoid Fever. About two years ago I commenced taking Sulphur Bitters, and since that time I have had no trouble from my old enemy. Living in a malarial district, I have had no trouble from that cause, being a marked exception among my neighbors, and I give the credit for that to Sulphur Bitters. It is an invaluable remedy, and one which no household should be without."

Builds Up the Weak.

The wife of the Superintendent of Repairs, Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass., Mrs. JOHN BARTON, the eloquent temperance advocate, says: "When all other remedies failed, Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and those deadly Sick Headaches."

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to the d
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